10/19/71

Mr. Rufus Youngblood
904 Echols
Vienna, Va.

Dear Mr. Youngblood,

Please do not feel impelled to respond to this letter. It's sole purpose is to make a suggestion that may not appeal to you. It is prompted by the stories in this morning's Washington Post saying you are writing a book.

I have done more writing about the JFK assassination than anyone else. I also believe it is no exaggeration to claim to having made a longer and deeper investigation than anyone else, critic of the official account or anyone in the government.

It would seem that you would not be able to ignore it entirely. Perhaps my knowledge can be of value to you. Offer it I do. I expect that if you do go into this it will be in limited areas, not into the fact, which has been my chief interest. There may be some pitfalls I can help you avoid. You can do your own checking to learn if I am right.

From what the stories say, I would also presume that when your book is out it will be subject to direct or indirect official criticism. Thus I take the liberty of suggesting that in the areas of my knowledge, and particularly because you were caught up in the turmoil of those dramatic moments, you may be under minor misapprehensions that could be magnified to your detriment.

You will owe me nothing. I will make no use of the fact that you have consulted me. My sole interest is in truth, of which there has been much too little on the entire subject.

At the time Manchester's book appeared and beginning before it I started to write a book on it I never finished. I doubt I now ever will. However, the one time I asked and got equal time for response on this subject was in connection with what I consider to be his defamation of the agents in the escort that day. Should you find yourself going into this and should you desire what I may know that can help you, let me know.

I do hope you can avoid the second-hand and stick to what you know of your own knowledge when you deal with the assassination. Toomuch of what has been said is fiction.

Good luck with what seems like a book that can serve useful purposes.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg